

VOL.III

No.21

AUGUST 8, 1972

Woodwind

WOODWIND

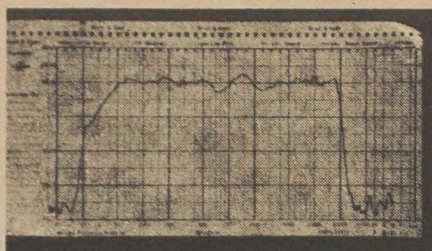
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Volume III, Number 21

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WOODWIND PUBLISHING COMPANY

DISTRIBUTED IN BALTIMORE — WASHINGTON

Yearly subscriptions available at \$6.00 newspaper rate, \$8.00 first class, and \$9.00 airmail.

All materials submitted to WOODWIND should be accompanied by a self addressed, stamped envelope.

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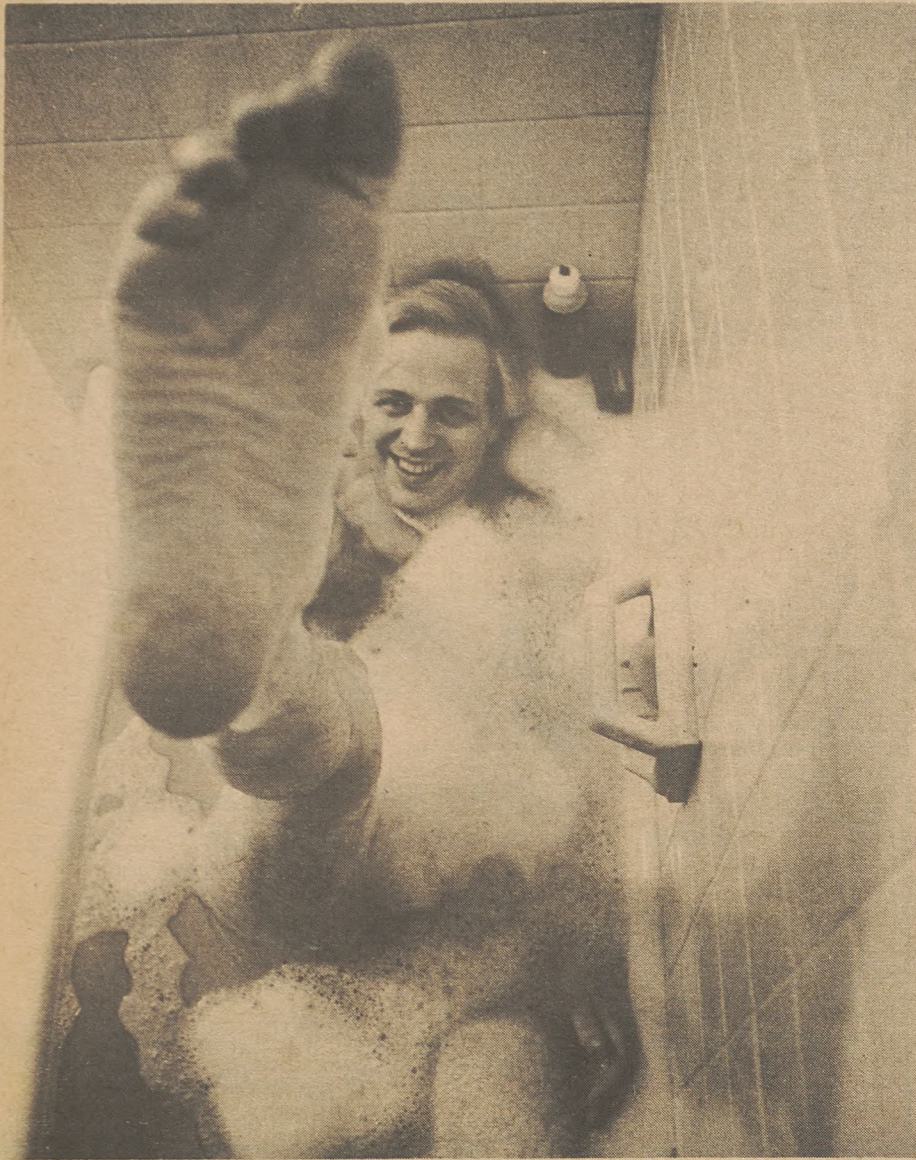
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Nicholas von Hoffman: Exposed

STORY by ALEX WARD

PHOTOS by MICHAEL SULLIVAN



"'Growing Up Obscene' in Friday's issue of The Washington Post by Nicholas von Hoffman was a masterpiece of writing."

"I have read many of Nicholas von Hoffman's commentaries and have felt both sick and angry at his ideas and outlook on life. I have also been tempted to write letters about his views — however, I decided against it in the hope that he would recover from his illness."

[Excerpts from two letters to the Editor of The Washington Post, published Sept. 24, 1970.]

It should come as no surprise to readers of Nicholas von Hoffman's column — which appears three times a week in this city's only morning newspaper — that those letters were in response to the same column. In the staid, predictable world of "straight" journalism, Nick von Hoffman elicits that kind of reaction from almost every word he writes.

And no wonder. At regular, and irregular, intervals he takes to task such national institutions as Richard Nixon, John and Robert Kennedy, George Wallace (and lately, George McGovern), Standard Oil, Penn Central, ITT, Bigots, Hypocrites, segregationists, button-down liberals, acid-headers, groupies, NASA, the National Football League, the American system of justice, Avery Brundage and Joan Baez, though not necessarily in that order. At the same time, he has come out strongly for women's lib, the legalization of abortion and marijuana, the removal of all U.S. troops from Southeast Asia and almost all elected U.S. politicians from office. That's hardly your standard editorial fare.

Depending on what frame of mind you're in after gulping your morning Maxwell House and focusing your eyeballs on the paper, von Hoffman is either: a) a farsighted genius; b) a nearsighted idiot; c) a deranged typewriter wielding maniac run amok; d) the sanest man on earth; or e) the ghost of Judge Crater. No matter what you think about the fellow though, you've got to admit he has chutzpah to spare. Or put it this way, can any man who calls Richard Nixon the Great

Kiwani and Henry Jackson, El Scoopo be all bad?

Von Hoffman's derring-do with the mighty pen has brought with it the attendant notoriety one might expect. He is a frequent guest on talk shows, does spots on CBS's "60 Minutes," contributes to any number of publications and has no problem whatsoever in finding an anxious publisher for his books. On the colorful San Francisco Chronicle, his column rates the front page.

Although he is one of The Post's most widely read columnists, and probably its best-known figure nationally, von Hoffman does have his run-ins with the paper's hierarchy and is occasionally criticized in its pages. While he says The Post has never refused to publish any of his columns or asked him to alter his stance on any issue, it has printed rebuttals of positions he has taken, sometimes by members of its own staff. Most notable was a piece written in early 1970 by Ward Just, then an editorial writer, which scored von Hoffman for being audacious enough to say that the United States should pull out of Vietnam lock, stock and barrel, taking with it the rug on which Thieu and his regime stood.

Those who resort to teeth-gnashing, wall-punching or furious roadwork after reading von Hoffman might find solace in the fact that their feelings are shared by some of his own colleagues. When the early editions of The Post reach the newsroom at 10:30 p.m., many of the more conservative (and some of the liberal) deskmen on duty read his column,

bite their lips and shake their heads as if to say, "What is this madman doing on our newspaper?"

No one is more delighted at the furor his material inspires than von Hoffman himself. In a recent piece eulogizing his late longtime friend and mentor Saul Alinsky, he wrote: "Alinsky liked (best) the dirty names people called him. . . troublemaker, outside agitator, professional radical, dangerous revolutionary." Von Hoffman is very much of the same ilk. A normally good-humored man, he seems most cheerful when he has just stuck a pin in a particularly overblown balloon. If the freed air stirs ire among the ranks, that's all the better.

From whence does this troublemaker, this anti-establishment agitator come, anyway? Well, the truth is finally out of the bag.

"In 1966," he admits, "I surfaced on a Russian submarine and was dropped off the coast of New England."

Nicholas von Hoffman was born (by mistake, he recently disclosed in a column extolling planned parenthood) in New York City 42 years ago. By his own admission an overweight kid not much interested in schoolwork, he attended Fordham Prep in the Bronx and then decided to skip college in favor of "bumming around" in the South.

After a succession of dead-end factory jobs there, and a couple of pretty good ones later as a political organizer in New York State, von Hoffman landed in Chicago shortly after the first Stevenson campaign and fell in with a group of University of Chicago sociologists. "In those days I was spending a lot of time at the Roberts Temple, a Black Pentecostal Church of the Southside," he recalls. "Roberts was kind of an ark for Blacks who had travelled up from the South to settle in Chicago, and I became very much interested in these people. I hung around with them, talked with them, and took copious notes. Eventually, with the help of the sociologists I knew, I was able to travel back down South and live for a while with sharecroppers in Mississippi. I noticed that there was a strong feeling of change that came over these people by the time they had gotten from the South to Chicago, and I was impressed by the potential explosiveness of it."

On his return to Chicago, von Hoffman began working for Saul Alinsky, a life-long radical and an organizational genius who devoted himself to improving conditions for suppressed groups. It was during this time that von Hoffman really began to harbor serious doubts about politics and politicians.

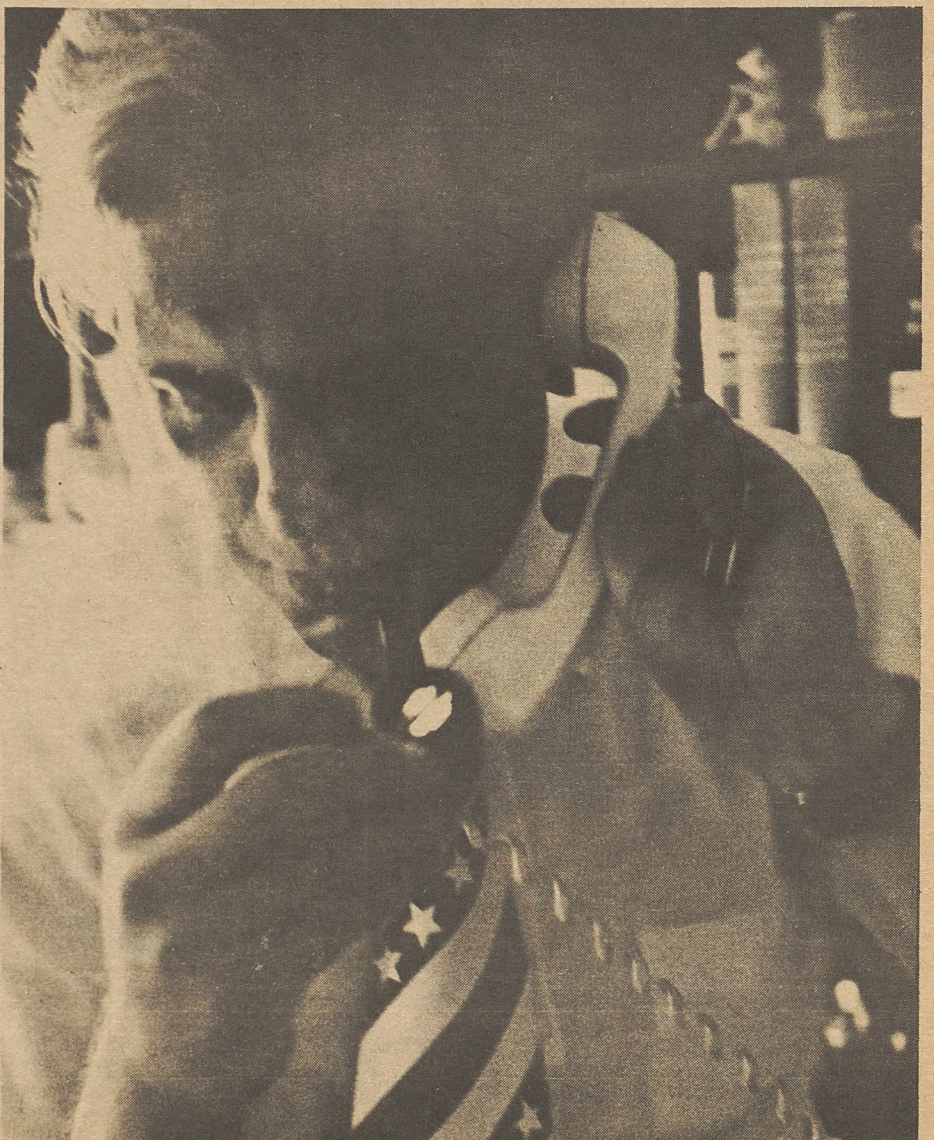
"I had a pretty fair reputation as an organizer myself," he says, "but as I was working there to help get different guys elected, I began to get progressively more doubtful about electoral politics. We were running our asses off for a succession of pricks who immediately turned around and double-crossed us."

"The time I spent on the Southside left the greatest impression on me, though. The Black people there were going through a real state of change; it was evident in their behavior, their attitudes, even their music. It became obvious to me that something was going to happen, and not just in the apocalyptic sense. I knew it was a very dangerous situation."

Von Hoffman decided that he wanted to write about this prevailing mood, and pinpointed The Chicago Daily News as the most worthy recipient of his journalistic talents. "I walked in to see Larry Fanning, who was then the editor and said something like, 'Look, the U.S. is about to explode over the race issue and you need somebody to cover it. I am one of the few people who knows anything about it, so you oughtta hire me!' He did, and Marshall Field IV (the paper's owner) had a set of hemorrhoids because he thought he had a bomb-throwing Bolshevik on his payroll. Fanning was not your normal editor."

Von Hoffman went south as a reporter in 1963 during the first prolonged attempt to crack the black belt, when SNCC was moving on Selma, and the SCLC held its march on Washington. He covered those stories, as well as the later disorders in Selma and Americus, GA., and the murders of Goodman, Schwerner and Chaney. As a result of his wanderings around the south, von Hoffman says he became most adroit at interviewing the rear ends of cows. "I got better at doing that than most anybody," he now says proudly. Those travels also resulted in "Mississippi Notebook," a book which is still considered one of the finest pieces of journalism to come out of the early civil rights movement.

In 1966, Fanning was fired from The Daily News and von Hoffman, feeling uncomfortable because of a strong identification with his former boss, began shopping around for another job. After tentative talks with the Los Angeles Times and Newsweek magazine, he ended up on The Post as a national affairs reporter. "I saw it (The Post) was a nice, fat paper," he says, "which meant it had plenty of advertising and was prospering. And after the poor little Chicago Daily News that was quite a difference, so I took the job."





Early the following year, while doing a few intermittent stories on the use of dope among young people, von Hoffman says he became gradually convinced that it was a phenomenon about to sweep the country. He says that "I was familiar with the dope scene in Berkeley several years before that, because I was in pretty regular contact with some of the old-line rads out there. By '67, the action was obviously centering in San Francisco and I tried to sell the editors of The Post on the idea of my going out and doing a piece on it. I kept telling them, 'You're not going to believe what's gonna happen out there,' but my theory was met with a lot of skepticism. Finally, that summer, came the great media shit barrage on Haight-Ashbury; Time, Life and Newsweek cover stories, reams of copy saying what a great thing the flower-power movement was and so forth. By this time The Post was finally willing to let me go out there and do a series on it, but I told them I couldn't hurry it. We'd been beaten on the story I said, so if we're going to do it after everyone else, we'd might as well do it better. I told them I would need at least four months, adding modestly that the time spent would be well worth it."

While most of the media was conjuring up a picture of beautiful young people congregating in Haight-Ashbury for an endless round of beautiful thoughts, music, free love and

kindness, von Hoffman saw it as something else again. "Dope may not have been THE one unifying factor of that scene," he says, "but it was certainly the most central. A lot of people who were the movers in Haight-Ashbury were absolute geniuses at propagandizing dope. They were saying it would cure you, emancipate you, establish new relations, which of course was preposterous, but people were falling for it."

"The other misconception about the San Francisco scene was that the active radicals embraced the lifestyle of the flower people. I would say that the flower-power thing did have a natural left-impact on the politics of the young, but the real rads didn't condone that lifestyle at all. Admittedly, Tom Hayden adopted it briefly, but that was ridiculous, totally inappropriate. Most radicals are obviously too committed to just drop out like that."

Von Hoffman's series in The Post was turned into another book, "We Are The People Our Parents Warned Us Against," that received widespread critical acclaim. A strong advocate of the legalization of marijuana, he now says the subject of dope generally bores him. "I'll admit I've tried most drugs available, and let's face it, Tim Leary's 'Turn on, tune in, drop out' slogan was extremely appealing; it may be the greatest piece of propaganda ever

written. But if anyone thinks that ingesting a chemical solution is going to solve his problems, he's being absurd. It's like thinking that building a public housing project will help solve crime."

When he returned from the San Francisco assignment, von Hoffman was given a great deal of freedom by The Post's national editors to pick his assignments and write what he wanted about them. "Even though my stuff was running in the news pages," he says of that time, "it was blatantly biased. I had just developed the habit of writing that way; I wasn't willing to be neutral."

In 1968 he began covering the anti-war movement, which by then was gaining widespread momentum. When the student disruptions broke out at Columbia that spring, von Hoffman went to New York and remained through the entire confrontation, which lasted for several weeks. He remembers that, "On most days I was up there I had trouble getting space in the paper, but occasionally they (the editors) would tell me to go ahead and write what I thought the story was worth." And that he did, carefully documenting not only Columbia's role in the war, but that of several large universities as well. His leanings were strongly pro-student, and his stance against the war, while firm for years before, hardened in his stories along with public sentiment.

In early 1969, The Post made him a columnist.

As one might expect, Nicholas von Hoffman, the journalist, operates pretty much as a lone wolf. He doesn't hobnob with politicians or government officials (to both parties it would probably seem like courting the devil anyway) or with the Washington press corps. Ironically enough, he says his best friend among the "name" columnists here is Joseph Alsop, who might ideologically agree with von Hoffman's taste in socks, but very little else. Instead of living in the more fashionable areas of Georgetown or Cleveland Park, he has a house near DuPont Circle. He spends a lot of time on the road, readily admitting that "Washington is not my kind of town."

Von Hoffman's one concession to convention is his appearance. He keeps his prematurely white hair fairly short and is rarely seen in an official capacity without a suit and

tie. With an ever-present pipe clenched in his teeth and walking in a slow and steady lope, the man cuts a not undashing figure. He looks as if he could have played Holmes almost as well as Basil Rathbone.

Because his frank outspokenness on touchy issues often elicits loud gasps from his readers, von Hoffman invites at least a passing comparison with Lenny Bruce. The difference is that Bruce was understandably paranoid, or eventually got that way, and von Hoffman isn't; and von Hoffman, though he doesn't hold much stock in formal higher education, is an intellectual, Lenny wasn't. Still, like Bruce, von Hoffman openly and fearlessly attacks hypocrisy wherever he sees it, and like Bruce, he can be a very funny man.

His funniest, and usually most invective, columns invariably deal with politicians who, he thinks, because of their personality or position are a vastly overrated lot. "We elect and elect and elect these guys to office," he complains, "and simply don't realize that they end up with very little control. Even when you get a politician with an intellectual appreciation of the problems, he can't throw the levers he wants to. The problem is that his base — meaning his financial backing, his constituency, and all of our institutions like family, church and school — prohibits him from doing anything other than what it allows. Those things that make up a politician's base are what have to be changed. Saul Alinsky understood that and worked for it."

Von Hoffman regards George McGovern as a "good, humane" man, but hardly a radical. "If George McGovern is going to be taken for a radical," he recently wrote in his column, "it will serve to scramble the traffic in the middle of the road and make it hard for us to hear what the real radicals have to say."

"I don't think McGovern knows any economics either," von Hoffman told an interviewer the other day. "But then again, neither does Nixon, and neither did Kennedy or Eisenhower. It's really a terrible deficiency among politicians. When they are finally elected to high office it leaves them poverty-stricken for effective ideas. It forces them to rely on the old standard brand economics."

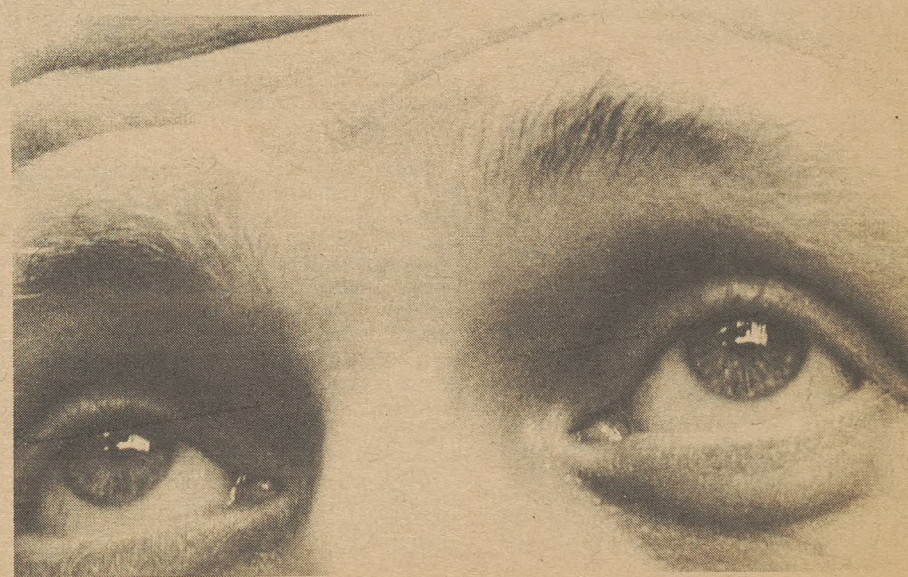
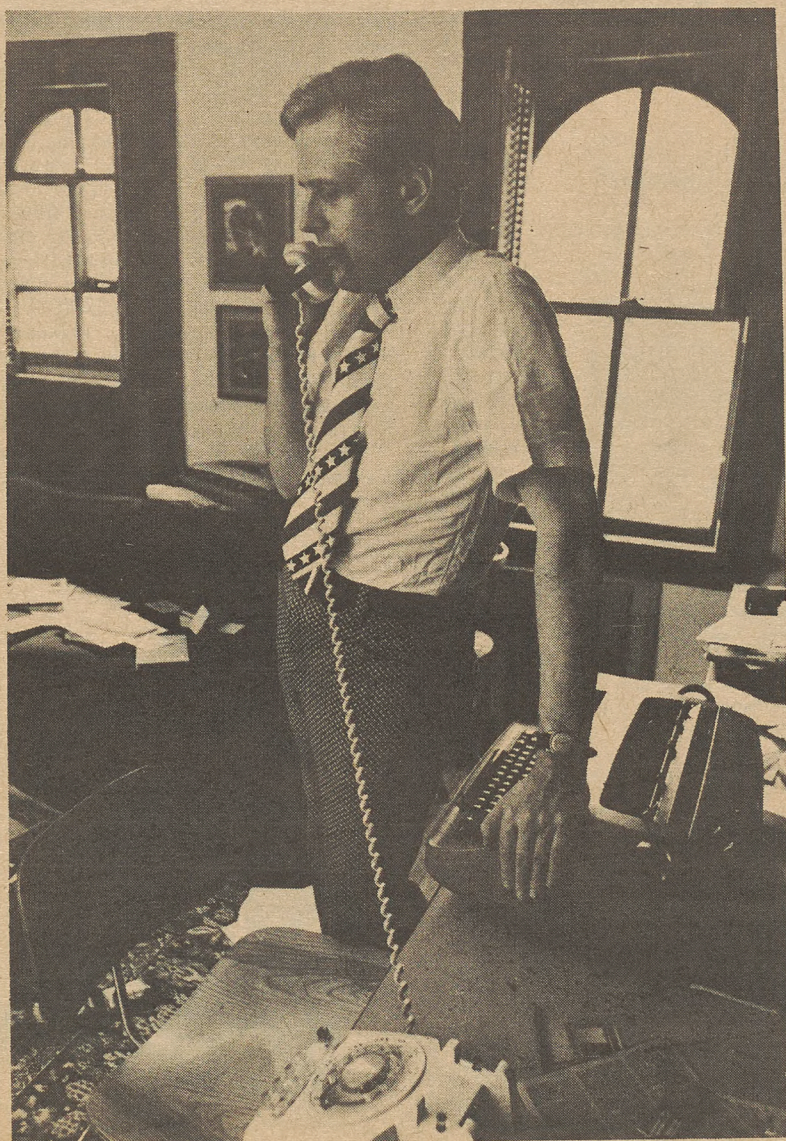
"Let's face it," he continued, "if Nixon and McGovern run around this fall promising everyone a job, well, this is madness! I think McGovern might be better served by selecting several major questions that he has a positive stance on, such as how he would end the war, and campaign on them thoroughly."

Dr. Hunter S. Thompson, Rolling Stone's notable national affairs correspondent, earlier this year reported that Nick von Hoffman was fed up with what he was doing and was prepared to pack it all in and head for San Francisco. At this time, however, von Hoffman seems to show no real inclination to bolt The Post.

"I suppose I'm always a little fed up," he admits, "but I'm not ready to leave yet. Turning the column out three times a week for 10 months a year can be a problem. There's rarely a shortage of ideas, but there is never enough time to do the research needed to write about them. I don't want to do this forever, but I'll keep doing it for a while at least."

Troublemakers don't normally quit anyway, especially when they're holding the high ground, as von Hoffman is doing now. And they're too ornery to fade away either; they usually stick around until certain they'll be adequately replaced.

Besides, if Nick von Hoffman doesn't at least outlast the Great Kiwani in Washington, I don't think I'll be able to face the morning paper anymore.



COUNTERNOTES

ELVIS AS RECORDED AT MADISON SQ. GARDEN — Elvis Presley — (RCA)



There's 2 albums pictured on the back — ELVIS NOW and ELVIS SINGS HITS FROM HIS MOVIES — and they both got Elvis wearing the same shit as on this one, the old white jumpsuit. No, wait a second, the white jumpsuit on the cover of this one has diagonal stuff on it and the other 2 don't. So there's a difference. And there's also a difference between this waxing and other assorted live albums the Pelvis has recorded. Difference: they were shit, this one is shittt.

There are 16 BMI cuts on this one and only 3 ASCAP's. Also there's a P.D. cut, "Also Sprach Zarathustra," which stole its title from Nietzsche and whoever the fuck wrote it doesn't get royalties cause it's public domain, which means ASCAP and BMI don't give a flying shit about the past cause if the guys are dead they can't sign with them.

Al Pachuki and Dick Baxter engineered this doodoo, hopefully they have run to Switzerland with their earnings (taxes are less there).

Elvis does not tell the "Polk Salad Annie" story on "Polk Salad Annie," in other words, all he does is sing, not talk. Too bad cause he forgot how to sing in 1960 or was it '61?

Well anyway, I'd much rather be reviewing MAMA AIN'T NOBODY'S FOOL by Esther Mae Scott (Bomp 1). It's better than Elvis and the cover is too. There has been considerable interest surrounding Esther Mae Scott in the esoteric rock press, dating back to her previous incarnation as Zora Folley. She has been described as the heavy blues singer's heavy blues singer. But interest in her goes further, partly because her lyrics often deal with the blues itself. "Gulf Coast Blues" and "T For Texas" about 3 Dog Night at the Cotton Bowl, are 2 of her numbers, many of which are composed by cultist rock critic Tom Zito. Whatever validity there may be in her lyrics and what is, in effect, her seeming parody of a heavy blues singer at work, the effect doesn't come across. Instead, it is buried beneath a painful volume level that borders on becoming white noise. Like I said, I'd sure rather be reviewing Esther Mae Scott.

But it's Elvis I'm stuck with so Elvis it'll have to be.

So meanwhile back at ELVIS AT MSG (you can't escape monosodium glutamate!) the best cut is "All Shook Up." How come? It's the shortest (only 56 sec). Second best: "Hound Dog." It's the second shortest. Worst? "Suspicious Minds," it's the longest (4:40), real long mother.

But at least you can hope. You can hope that when Elvis comes back to New York in 1987 there's a power failure. Or that records are obsolete. Or that he has a heart seizure during song No. 1. Or that.

R. Meltzer

THE RISE AND FALL OF ZIGGY STARDUST AND THE SPIDERS FROM MARS — David Bowie — (RCA)

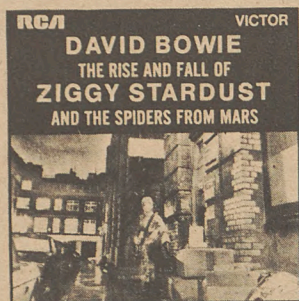
If this album doesn't get David across to the general public, then there's no hope. Much more accessible though no less ambitious than his previous album, HUNKY DORY, RISE AND FALL details the life and hard times of a rock and roll star, Ziggy Stardust, and his band, the Spiders From Mars.

For better or worse, David is currently riding the waves of the pan-sexual rock stars, along with Marc Bolan, Alice Cooper, Ray Davies, Rod Stewart, and of course, Mick Jagger. In that field, David may have them all beat, but he comes on a lot less heavy and more graceful than the rest, especially Davies.

This aspect of rock and roll surfaces throughout, but most prominently on "Lady Stardust": "People stared at the makeup on his face/laughed at his long black hair, his animal grace" . . . "And Lady Stardust sang his songs/of darkness and disgrace."

Bowie gets into almost every aspect of the rock and roll trip, from the "tongue twisting" groupies of "Hang On To Yourself" to the ego trips of "Ziggy Stardust" to the "Rock And Roll Suicide."

He has overcome what for me was the main weakness of HUNKY DORY, the abstractness and disunity with the music of some of the lyrics. He says it all so beautifully so poetically, with lyrics Marc Bolan would give his sequined rock and roll slippers to have written. AM radios have been blaring



"Starman" 's message of "Let the children lose it/Let the children use it/Let all the children boogie." In the bouncing "Hang On To Yourself," he describes the backstage ladies: "She wants my honey, not my money, she's a funky-thigh collector/layin' on 'lectric dreams."

The campy things on HUNKY DORY have been shoved aside for all out stone-rock like "Hang On To Yourself" and "Suffragette City," and once again the hero is Mick Ronson, who not only plays a lot of mean rock guitar, but adds great touches on piano.

David Bowie should be coming to America soon with Ronson and the rest of the band, who are now calling themselves the Spiders From Mars. Also, he'll likely produce forthcoming albums by Mott The Hoople and Lou Reed (all right!). You are doing yourself a disservice by not letting David Bowie into your life.

Bruce Rosenstein

ROCK ON — Sandy Denny, The Bunch — (A & M)

Sandy Denny rocking on? What's this? If the idea of a bunch (Bunch) of English folk musicians doing Chuck Berry tunes sounds a bit incongruous, I must admit that I felt the same at first.

This cannot be called a Sandy Denny LP. The Bunch is, more or less, the British equivalent of the American "friends" syndrome represented by Leon Russell, Jerry Garcia, Steve Stills, et al. The mainstays here are ex-Fairport Conventioners Denny, guitarist supreme Richard Thompson, drummer Dave Mattacks, bassist Tyger Hutchings, and the precision rhythm section of bassist Pat Donaldson and Gerry Conway, who is now drumming for Cat Stevens.

The album is a little low-keyed for old rock and roll, but do we really need or want any more screaming note-for-note Fifties cover songs? The Bunch does 'em their own way. They're big on Buddy Holly, with "Love's Made A Fool Of You," "That'll Be The Day" and "Learning The Game." Sandy sings lead on all of them, but except for "Learning The Game," they're interesting but bland.

Sandy sings lead on five of twelve songs and Thompson handles most of the others. Although his guitar style is better suited to Fairport material, you've got to hear him firing out Berry riffs on "Sweet Rock 'n' Roll" which is hilariously backed with some canned audience screaming. He also rocks up, of all things, "Jambalaya." Hank Williams would never believe it. On the obscure Marc Ellington album of last fall (REIGNS: REIGNS OF CHANGE, Ampex), Richard played lead on "Blue Suede Shoes," but other than that this is his first foray into Fifties rock on record.

Other highlights of the album are Dion's incredible "My Girl The Month Of May," with Richard singing lead and a soul-stirring backup chorus from Sandy, Richard, Don-

aldson, and Linda Peters, a singer new to American listeners. Phil Everly's "When Will I Be Loved" is given a lovely treatment by Sandy, and she does much better with something like this than "Willie And The Hand Jive," which wouldn't threaten Johnny Otis. They've also revived "The Loco-Motion" with Linda doing a great job on lead vocals.

Sandy Denny, Richard Thompson, and The Bunch do these songs like you'd expect them to. It's just their version of classics and near classics, no cut on the originals, and a lot of fun. My feeling that Sandy Denny and Richard Thompson can do no wrong has been strengthened.



IF AN ANGEL CAME TO SEE YOU, WOULD YOU MAKE HER FEEL AT HOME? Black Oak Arkansas — (Atco)

Okay, this has gone just a little too far. BOA, who put out two great albums in six months which were daring in their hard edged unpretentiousness, have taken a wrong turn somewhere.

This new album is too predictable and dull; it drags where it should rock and plays dead where it should roll. Their previous LP, KEEP THE FAITH, showed them getting a little political, but they've carried that too far here with too many rhetorical cliches, just too many we-gotta-get-it-together slogans. Evidently playing on all those Grand Funk and Humble Pie shows has fused their minds with that of the 16-year-old red freaks in the audience. If you are looking for the good humor of their first album, or the outstanding guitar work of that LP's "Lord Have Mercy On My Soul/When Electricity Came To Arkansas," you're not going to find it on this LP.

IF AN ANGEL. . . is apparently the product of a once down-to-earth group of rock and rollers who have stayed around to watch the headlining bands on their concerts once, too often. Maybe next time.

BR

FLASH — (Sovereign-Capitol)

Flash is a flash new British quintet formed by two former Yes-men, Peter Banks (lead guitar) and Tony Kaye (organ). They sound like Yes, though not nearly as good, and they are lucky enough to spring up shortly after Yes's success in order to ride on their coattails.

The music is competent organ-dominated stuff, not as daring or complex as that of Yes, or as another comparable — though vastly superior — group, Genesis. Flash's big song, "Small Beginnings," is the best song on the record, though too dragged out at 9:23. It's been edited down to a single, and has the "Roundabout"-sound of a hit, especially with Yes and Moody Blues direct instrumental cops at the beginning. Except for "Small Beginnings" and parts of "Children Of The Universe" and "Dreams Of Heaven," Flash can be overwhelmingly boring. I've been wrestled out of insomnia on several occasions by this album, so I cannot call it a total loss.

BR

PINK MOON — Nick Drake — (Island)

Nick Drake, with dusk in his voice, singing his songs to the tune of dawn's early light, somehow manages to slip into the studio every once in a while, tape 10 or 11 tracks and turn out albums of ever increasing warmth of the kind that causes shadows in the dark.

Whereas his last LP, NICK DRAKE, was cloaked in brass and string arrangements, PINK MOON rests quietly on the horizon of Drake's vocal, guitar, and occasional piano

abilities.

His lyrics are full, flowing, and ever so slightly, protectively rather than deceptively, symbolic; his guitar style is simple, yet supple, a versatile combination of picking and strumming mature enough to be heard as an integral part of the song rather like children who should be seen and not . . .

Drake doesn't do public performances, but prefers to drop completed tapes by the offices of his record company, but all you really need is on the album anyway.

PINK MOON's are not made of champagne and cheese, but of things like the Donovanish "Road," the not quite frozen warnings of "Things Behind The Sun," and the four-lined schizophrenia of "Know" or any of the other seven tunes which give sky to the rising PINK MOON.

Michael Hogan



CROSSINGS — Herbie Hancock — (Warner Brothers)

This is a beautiful flower from one of the most inventive musical horticulturists working in the garden today. Side One is a twenty-five minute Hancock composition entitled "Sleeping Giant" which sub-divides into five parts during which Mwandishi (Hancock) crosses and blends the heritage of black Africa with the spirit of Miles Davis' directions and again with the soul of his own last album, MWANDISHI. The piece is a naturally evolved and lovingly nurtured sequence with Mwandishi on electric piano, Buster Williams (bass), Billy Hart (drums), Eddie Henderson (trumpet), Benny Maupin (bass clarinet), and Julian Priester (trombones) doing exquisite justice to its length.

A quick flip to side two reveals "Quasar" and "Water Torture," two Maupin tunes totalling nearly 22 minutes of joyous flotational adventure. As does "Sleeping Giant," "Quasar" and "Water Torture" contain occasional familiar riffs, ranging from subtle to obvious, the injection of which is tribute to Miles, who took both Hancock and Maupin and gave their talents extraterrestrial momentum, although the melodic base of "Quasar" brings to mind a touch of Joe Zawinul's work.

Each member displays the tightness and sophistication expected from musicians of their calibre yet they effortlessly retain the spontaneity so essential to creative interplay such as during "Sleeping Giant."

CROSSINGS is above all, a transporting experience. You won't even need a parachute.

MH



Henry The Fiddler

By KIRK CHEYFITZ

On August 13, 1971, Henry N. Tarsin, 22-year-old computer systems analyst with the Chicago office of the Standard Oil company, gave a violin concert in Grant Park to commemorate an historic event. "My last day at the office. . . ." Henry says, ". . . I put up signs on all the bulletin boards up on the eighth floor at Standard Oil stating there would be a farewell concert at Grant Park, across the street from the office, at noon. And, sure enough, at noon everybody came across the street and I played a farewell concert and that was the way I ended my straight life."

With one lunch hour concert on his fiddle, Henry Tarsin, computer expert, became Henry the Fiddler, street musician. He said farewell to a fashionable apartment, a high salary, and a good job. He divested himself of furniture, clothes, hi-fi equipment, and the numerous other material accoutrements of the good life. He bade adieu to the morning shave, the daily ride on the crowded el-train, the weekly hair cut, and the jacket and tie. Taking with him only his fiddle, his old Army helmet emblazoned with the legend "HENRY THE FIDDLER" in bright yellow acrylic paint, a similarly decorated coffee can with a coin-sized slit in its plastic removable top, and those things which he could fit into his back pack and a small grey attache case, Henry set off on his first national tour, thumbing and fiddling his way into the hearts of the nation.

He attended the May Day demonstrations here in Washington and played with Pete Seeger that week-end on a balcony of one of the dorm buildings at Georgetown. He spent the winter of '71 - '72 in San Francisco (I had to go somewhere that was a little more conducive to fiddling outside in the winter than Chicago.) He was on the campus at Kent State when the Cambodian invasion was announced. He has been to Ann Arbor and he made headlines fiddling on the street in Columbia, Missouri. Joan Baez said "Play your fiddle, Henry," when he showed up for her Ring Around The Congress demonstration recently. Then she and her sister, Mimi Farina, sang while Henry played.

July saw Henry camped in Flamingo Park in Miami, entertaining the masses who showed up to attend the Democratic Convention

happenings. He's in New York right now, but he plans to return to Florida for the Republican Convention.

Wherever he has played, whoever he is playing with, Henry's fee has always been "whatever you feel like contributing" and his stated purpose has been "to play music for the people."

A thorough report on Henry's adventures could go on for pages, all of them exciting and instructive. But there is no sense in detailing the travels of Henry the Fiddler. Henry is that rare populist in the age of the superstar and the aspiring superstar. Henry is accessible. He will talk even if you're not an accredited journalist. And he'll be appearing in your neighborhood soon, so he can tell you his own story.

When you hear the fiddle music and you see his "Henry the Fiddler" helmet, drop a contribution in the can if you can afford it, but at least, no matter what else you do, stick around and talk to him. Henry, like all of us, is desperate for contact. But Henry is less self-conscious about it. If the two of you hit it off well, Henry might take his note book out of his attache case and write down your name and address. ("Are you sure I can reach you here for the next few years?") Then, whenever he comes to town, he will get in touch and tell you what's happening around the country. The last of the wandering minstrels, playing his music and spreading the latest news throughout the provinces.

Henry's way of life is in sharp contrast to the lives of those individuals who provide most of America's most visible music: the recording stars and radio d.j.'s who perform and select what the people are going to be allowed to hear this week. It is a healthy sign that someone like Henry can make a living street-singing. But why does he do it? Why isn't he, too, out hustling for the big contract?

"For one thing," Henry says, "I'm not really convinced that the superstars of today are superstars because they provide people with good music. The music business is like any other business; if you're a good businessman you can sell just about anything. I think that local groups and local talent and just people, jamming and making music in their



Henry on street corner in Columbia, Missouri.



Mayday — with Pete Seeger on balcony of dorm at Georgetown University.

homes and in the parks, can make just as good music as you can get by going to a concert and listening to the Grateful Dead or the Rolling Stones. Not to say that either of those groups are no good. They produce good music. But there's no reason why you have to go out and listen to any of them to hear good music anymore than you can just make it in your own living room."

It's the original American dream in a slightly newer context. Be self-sufficient. Grow your own food; make your own clothes. And

if you really believe, as do some, that music "belongs to the people," then make some of your own and hit the road and give it to them. After all, Henry's making it.

[NOTE: If, for any reason, you would like to be in touch with Henry, mail addressed to: Henry the Fiddler, c/o WOODWIND, 1318 35th St., NW, Washington, D.C. 20007, will be forwarded. This offer good for one month only due to limited office facilities. Keep those cards & letters comin' in.]



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"KING UBU"

A Note from the Director

Alfred Jarry was never very satisfied with the controversy he stirred with his obscene epic "UBU ROI," though it was denounced and vilified with great regularity after its premiere in 1896. Because it wasn't enough to be a literary scandal, and thus to become the patron saint of the Theatre of the Absurd, Jarry chose instead to model his own life on his fat, foul-mouthed hero and he drew his greatest pleasures from offending audiences of the real-life bourgeoisie on streets and in public places such as restaurants and urinals. It was fortunate for him that he was able to draw satisfaction by becoming Ubu, because, after the scandalous success of UBU ROI, no one would produce any of his several sequels, such as UBU CUCKOLDED and Jarry starved and thirsted quite often, but always in character as Ubu. Probably due to that, Jarry died while still in his twenties, chronologically he was thirty-three or thirty-four.

With complete dis-respect for Jarry's dedication to his creation, the Neverland Theatrical Company has completely corrupted Jarry's text from the original in order to create the current production of KING UBU at Theater Lobby. From time to time the Neverland Company has cleaned up some of Jarry's filthy language, at times inserting their own obscenities into places where Jarry never intended to be obscene. Unfortunately for the production, which was originally intended and performed as an outdoor Commedia dell'Arte production, Jarry was sometimes vastly

more effective with his own invention than with the inventions of the cast and director here. But where it goes slow, the Company has made an effort to jazz up the action by introducing completely pointless action. Fortunately for the production, completely irrelevant and un-related moments, such as "Papa Doc" Doghery's magic show during intermission, are there to draw off the anger of irate Jarry fans. It is the hope of many of the performers that irate Jarry fans will also take on some of the irate Shakespeare fans who still haven't forgiven Jarry for mocking Shakespeare's well known plays, MacBETH, HAMLET, and ROSENCRANTZ AND GUILDENSTERN ARE DEAD.

Since it is also fairly well known that KING UBU has been called the first Polish joke, it is perhaps wise, before any comments are made, to point out that KING UBU is played in this production by David Wisniewski (I hope I spelled his name right) and Captain MacNure, the faithful traitor, is played by Andy Mickiewicz. We hope that will prove our good faith to the Polish community. If it doesn't, there's always the magic act.

Performances are Thursdays through Sundays at Theater Lobby, which is at 17 St. Matthew's Court, until the 27 of August. [Students: you get a FIFTY CENT discount Thursdays, Fridays, and Sundays!]

You can call EX3-5818 for reservations.

Ned Chaillet

BOOKS

DR. BRODIE'S REPORT

by Jorge Luis Borges, (trans. by Norman Thomas di Giovanni, [Dutton], 125 pp., \$5.95.

review by Joseph Lewis

In the preface to his first collection of short stories in twenty years, Borges informs us that he has finally found his true voice in telling of fairly simple tales. While it may be true that many (though by no means all) of the stories in this slender volume are not as complex as his earlier works, they are no less entertaining.

There may be no stories as bizarre and wonderful as "Pierre Menard" or "Tlon, Uqbar, Orbis Tertius," but the magical quality of Borges' fiction, where fantasy is cloaked in the most judicious prose, is still very much in evidence. In "The Meeting" two men duel with a pair of daggers that were used (by different rivals) in an old quarrel, and after the bloody conclusion, the narrator offers the novel hypothesis that it was not the men but the knives that were duelling.

In the title story, a missionary gives an account of a savage tribe that appears to be a race of primitives awaiting enlightenment from civilization, but the twist - which occurs half-way into the story - is that they are a race that has degenerated from an earlier greatness. Here is the familiar Borgesian playfulness with a serious idea, in this case, the over-

turning of our idea of evolution.

"The Gospel According to Mark" is the kind of story that can't resist being a classic. What might have taken lesser writers pages to reach in its inevitable conclusion (assuming, of course, that anyone but Borges could have written a story like this) is succinctly and superbly handled by a man who is a master of his craft. Since I don't want to spoil it, suffice it to say that it is about a student who reads the New Testament to an ignorant gaucho family who are oblivious to Christianity and hence not as metaphorically-minded as the civilized man.

"The Intruder" is perhaps closest to the straight forward style. Two bachelor brothers have lived and worked together their entire lives. One takes a woman and the other begins to pursue her. They share the woman but that arrangement proves unsatisfactory. The result will probably not elude the reader before the conclusion, illustrating that it is not plot or even character that is important in tale-telling as how well the tale is told.

Even in these admittedly lesser works, Borges still writes with an authority and universality that is woefully lacking in our own writers. I always felt it a sad comment on the state of U.S. writing today that Borges' short stories are more entertaining and illuminating than even our best novelists. Maybe fiction has run its course and Borges is the last of his kind, as we hear time and again. Ah well. He thee to the tube or movie.

Norman Thomas di Giovanni, in collaboration with the author, has translated admirably from the Spanish. This is the fourth volume of a projected ten-book series of Borges' works to be published by Dutton, which has included BOOK OF IMAGINARY BEINGS, THE ALEPH AND OTHER STORIES 1933 - 1969 and SELECTED POEMS 1923 - 1967.



Ron Oberman, who some of you might remember as the teenager who originally wrote the "Top Tunes" column for the "Weekender" section of THE STAR, recently was hired as the director of publicity for Columbia Records. Paradoxically, the group he was managing, Wilderness Road, whose first album for Columbia got excellent reviews (and few sales), had its option run out and are now recording for Warner Brothers.

Keith Krokyn was seen wearing a striped shirt!

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Around Da Town

A Classy Show Biz Column

By T. Tabasco Tattle

Chess Records recently sent out a press release which blithely stated that Muddy Waters, "the greatest living bluesman... isn't resting on his laurels." It then relates the disgusting fact - with apparent stupid glee - that Muddy will be working a grueling road schedule through December. December!

Not only is that an idiotic way of hiding the bald fact of the hardships black musicians still face, it smacks of the kind of pointless public relations logic that record companies are famous for... well, not just record companies, but businessman logic everywhere.

If Chess thinks he's so great, why don't they give him more money. God knows he and Chuck Berry and a few others made Chess a success. Right? Muddy Waters isn't a young man, remember.

And as far as equating greatness with grueling tours, you don't see all those English superstars who copped Muddy's music out there working their asses off, do you? Hell, no. And you wanna know why? Because they've made a lot of money out of it, so they don't have to bust their ass, that's why. Boo, Chess Records.

Roy Buchanan's legitimate album - on Polydor - was recorded in record time, packaged in recorded time, and will be out, if not at this writing, very soon. Rumor is that the recording engineer - a callous breed to be sure, considering that their work is to listen to music closely - was overcome by the power of Buch's playing. Hmmm, sounds like the album might be pretty good.

Speaking of Roy, Huey, of My Mother's Place, where Roy has been regularly playing in town, is angry at WOODWIND for not mentioning that Roy plays at My Mother's Place. So, let us say - and we want to be very clear about the fact that Roy plays at My Mother's Place - that Roy plays regularly at My Mother's Place. My Mother's Place is where Roy plays. Where Roy plays, My Mother's Place is. Where is My Mother's Place, Roy plays. Okay, Huey?

David Griggs, of the well-known blues band of the same name, is looking for a top-notch blues pianist, bass player and drummer. In other words, a brand new group. If you know somebody who's really good and really into blues, let WOODWIND know and we'll tell Dave, who's living way out in Virginia.

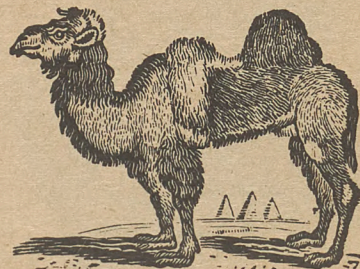
Barry Richards was seen wearing sandals. Heeyyyyy!

Here's one more:

The old crooner Tony Martin, in the Marx Brothers' film, "The Big Store," croaks out the big finale song that begins with a verse that makes the following points of information and opinion:

"Schubert wrote a symphony - too bad he didn't finish it; Gershwin wrote a chord in G, and proceeded to diminish it."

Maybe Smokey Robinson is a great poet after all.



LONGHAIR MEETS FOLK

By Susan Cohn

Certified longhairs usually don't wind up at folk festivals, but, since a friend had an extra ticket, I decided to go out to Wolf Trap for the Friday night installment of the 34th Annual Folk Festival.

My first major problem was deciding what to wear. Since I am hardly the folksy type (the best I can do is "European peasant" with lots of stage makeup) I had to put careful thought into my outfit. I was forced to wear my newer jeans because my old ones have shrunk so much that my ankles show; to that I added an old plaid shirt and a tank top — it was beginning to get chilly and my mother always said that you had to keep your chest warm — and a nice huge leather belt that an indulgent aunt brought me from Spain. It takes quite a while to achieve that casual look.

I had a great time Friday evening! There was a variety of performers and styles, but I think I enjoyed most that no one was there commercially. People were honest, and that feeling pervaded the audience, so everyone was extremely friendly, quite unlike the usual stuffy crowd at WTPF. Mike Seeger was a fine M.C., relaxed and highly articulate as he gave backgrounds of his performers and the type of music they specialized in.

The Blue Ridge Mountain Dancers provided an energetic opening to the evening's entertainment. I fell in love with Almeda Riddle, a lovely lady who looks like someone's grandmother (mine) and sings unaccompanied ballads she has collected from her home in Arkansas; her voice has a delightful little yodel at the top notes, and she can remember all the verses to the ballads that go on for hundreds of verses — she sang "Amazing Grace" with more lines than Judy Collins had ever popularized. Michael Cooney was delightful with his offbeat humor and wry dialogue (not to mention the amazing banjo picking), and the broad comedy of Snuffy Jenkins and Pappy Sherrill (banjo and fiddle respectively) was so bad and so obvious that it was hilarious. Alex Chavez, a specialist in music of the Spanish-speaking people of north New Mexico and southern Colorado, seemed out of place with his suave charm, but he was fascinating to hear, all the same.

I spent most of the intermission watching people, wishing I had a camera, starting to get chilly, and hoping my mother wouldn't know. Elizabeth Cotton, a Washington resident who looks half her 80 years, led the audience in the singing of her famous "Freight Train," and was presented with the Burl Ives Award before she could return to her seat. By the time I cut through Lou Killen's North England accent, he was through performing; with his

concertina he looked like a transplant from a pier of a century ago. I had to leave after the great blues singing of the very old Sam Chatmon, mainly exhausted by the marathon of music, but I did get to hear a bit of the jangly Cajun Ambrose Thibodeaux Band.

I walked around with a little glow the next day, just delighted everytime I thought of the concert. It wasn't the standard C & W thing that really turns me off, no people there to make a pile of money and zoom away in their fancy Cadillacs, but just nice, honest people making music for the joy of making music. Friendly, unpretentious people. How refreshing!

By Louis C. Fantasia

The tragic story of two star-crossed lovers has been the source for more music than perhaps any other literary theme. Shakespeare's ROMEO AND JULIET has inspired and excited such diverse composers as Tchaikovsky, Delius, David Diamond, Prokofiev and Gounod, plus a score more, to turn out some of their best material. In Washington this year we have witnessed not only the production of the play, under the aegis of the Folger Theatre, but the rarely performed Delius opera, A VILLAGE ROMEO AND JULIET, and now in the span of barely a week, the National Symphony, the Wolf Trap Company and the visiting Vienna Opera Ballet give us more on the same subject.

This review is primarily about the production of the Gounod opera at Wolf Trap. But before getting to specific criticisms of the opera's performance, there are some comments which can be applied to the meaning and the music of each of these works, and the forms the composer chose to take for his music.

There is, somewhere in the back of the brain of the composer, a little regulator which tells him: "Look, if you write an opera about this, then you have to conform to such and such conventions; if you do a dramatic symphony you can stick your neck out a little further and take a few more chances; if you do a ballet suite then you are dealing in the music purely as it induces and at the same time represents, the physical; should you choose to go so far as to write something called an 'overture-fantasy,' well you can pick and choose just what you will."

Tchaikovsky's overture is perhaps the best known of the lot, its love theme being immortalized in Sixty All Time Great Classical



Moments or other such recordings. But unless we knew that the title told us this was R&J and that for this many bars we were listening to Friar Laurence's theme or the love theme, or to the battle between Montagues and Capulets, how would we know we were not listening to some ship on a stormy sea? The composer (or the critic) says to us here's what I thought of the play.

The ballet score (and I am assuming here that the Vienna ensemble will use Prokofiev's sumptuous score) tells us even more specifically and with visual cues that at this time Juliet knows she loves Romeo and not only does she know it, but she expresses that knowledge and emotion in just this way, symbolized by these actions. By the collective sum of these wordless acts we receive certain insights into the composer's conception of Shakespeare's work that not only bring the play to greater focus for us, but, by mutual exchange, bring insights into the music we are now hearing and the dance we are watching.

It would be a grave mistake to compare the play to the music it has inspired or even to compare the various types of music themselves. The essential difference here is really one of form, and with that form, its necessary selection. By Shakespeare's choice (made in consonance with the conventions of contemporary theater) of a five-act play with so many deaths and so many comic figures and so many set pieces, he selected those words which would best suit his actions.

In a short overture or suite, or even a ballet, length and time eliminate certain options and select those themes or details or personalities which sum up the essence of the story.

In the world of opera, our interest in the fate of the two star-crossed lovers, seems to be second to our interest in whether or not the sets were gorgeous or the soprano could get that top A without breaking our eardrums. There is something about Romeo and Juliet — one having taken poison and the other having stabbed herself — standing and belting out a ten-minute love duet before they drop dead, that forces one to shift one's level of criticism. The shift is from what is being said to how it is being said.

This does not imply that the words in an opera, its libretto, its plot, its dramatic unity are unimportant. Certainly, in an impressionistic opera like the Delius, single words and phrases build to make up the essence of the dramatic content of the work, and this is matched by the composer's use of short motives to build a musical unity.

In the Gounod opera, written in 1867, we have opera in its most stylistically conventional form. Gounod, while a contemporary of Wagner and Berlioz, writes with none of their daring for either voice or orchestra. Instead, his beauty (and there are many gorgeous moments in the work) comes from the charm of his melodies (the famous waltz song "Je vieux vivre") and from the touching intimacy of some of the scenes (especially the duets between the two lovers — including the final one at the tomb).

But all of this is couched in what I consider to be unfortunate convention. An oversized, sloppy chorus tells us we are in Verona and that "strange things are happening tonight." The story line's only motive for moving along is to get from one set piece to another. Paul Duval, as Romeo, and Eileen Shelle, as Juliet, don't help matters much by their acting. Miss Shelle bounces around in a gown that makes her look about six months pregnant, and her idea of a fourteen-year-old is to bat her eyelashes a lot. Can all this be forgiven by the fact that she sings marvelously well? Duval, the stronger vocally of the two, comes across more like a wooden student prince than a gay young lover who has been fatally wounded by Cupid's arrow. The other principals in the cast suffer from more or less the same fate: terrible acting (if acting is any more than getting on stage, moving once or twice and then getting off) and not bad singing. Two exceptions are Thomas Paul, as Friar Laurence, and Raymond Gibbs as Mercutio, both of whom were quite fine. Ms. Kay Creed played Stephano, Romeo's page (which is common casting in these kinds of operas), and her aria in scene iii of Act II was one of the highpoints of the night. The Wolf Trap Orchestra played exceptionally well under the experienced hand of Anton Guadagno, although I thought a little more dramatic variety in tempi would have been nice. Dancers Sarah Chodoff and Brian Andrew, as the dream ballet R&J in Act III did exceptionally well considering the rather stagnant choreography and rather ridiculous music (which Gounod added in 1881 to please the corps de ballet of the Paris Opera for that production). Sets and costumes, all one shade or another of maroon or brown, looked like they were borrowed from a high school production of the play. James DeBlasis' staging seemed to be aimed at setting each act for a tableau scene to end it with. It was very static and I'm afraid rather unimaginative, but very solid if you're the type that likes to see singers come out in costume and sing. That's how they did it in the last century. I don't think that's how we should do it in the next.

AT THE MOVIES

By ANNE ADAMCEWICZ

1972 is unmistakably the Year of the Politician. And, as if the American public hasn't had its fill of televised politicking — from presidential prime-time pabulum to tedious dusk-to-dawn convention coverage — politics had to invade movie theaters as well.

THE CANDIDATE, now showing at the Apex Theater, is about as funny as a Nixon reelection, as long-winded as Hubert H. Humphrey and about as successful as Harold Stassen.

The capsulized Senate race pits apolitical legal aid lawyer, Bill McKay, against seasoned incumbent, Crocker Jarmon. McKay (Robert Redford) stumbles through election rigmarole desperately trying to "tell it like it is," while his campaign manager tethers his naivete with demands to "tell it in the right way and at the right time." In the course of the campaign, McKay learns the ropes all too well. Transformed into a charismatic candidate, he realizes the abrupt change and its consequences on election night when his politically-prominent father (Melvyn Douglas) gives his blessings to the new public servant.

With a leering, nicotine smile, the former governor proudly declares: "Son you're a politician." Douglas, though a bit tattered around the edges, executes this scene grandly.

He exudes satanic glee at the corruption of yet another apolitical innocent.

Skirmishes between the Old and New Politics run through out and unfortunately are waged with excessive grandiloquence. Whereas eloquent rhetoric is synonymous with campaigning, THE CANDIDATE's indulgence in oratory irreparably slows the movie's pace.

Furthermore, the film reeks with technical contrivances — footage of Democratic notables spliced into the film, a Howard K. Smith analysis and television debate. The director, Michael Ritchie, seemingly added these details to enhance the authenticity of the production. Yet, while his attention focused on particulars, he ignored the credibility gap in characterizations.

McKay and Jarmon are at best distorted caricatures of political extremes. McKay, the unpolished glamor candidate emanates sincerity and ineptness. In his first public speech, he faces glaring lights and shadows hinting at an audience. Stage-struck, he mumbles innocuous remarks from a self-prepared text. Redford purposefully subdues dynamic qualities to project McKay's awkward honesty. However, by dispensing with forceful delivery, an essential tool of political persuasion, Redford undermines McKay's credibility as a vote-getter.

Jarmon (Don Porter), on the other hand, is

cast as a calculating reactionary whose intense conservatism rivals Goldwater's right-wing extremism. Don Porter executes the role with cool assurance despite the inanities of his script.

Peter Boyle and Allen Garfield, McKay's campaign manager and media specialist, reflect a more accurate picture of the veteran campaigners. But even they must submit themselves to ludicrous antics for the sake of comedy.

The only scene in the entire two-hour

film which merits mentioning is one in which Redford acts out beautifully controlled hysteria. McKay, delirious from a score of speeches, begins parodying his rhetoric. The spontaneous jibberish neatly conveys the nonsensical essence of politicking in burlesque fashion.

THE CANDIDATE will undoubtedly run successfully at the box office because of its well-timed release. But, come November, the one-time object of voter curiosity will slide into obscurity, the victim of its own shallowness.



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The Loosened Mind

By PAULA MATHEWS

M.C. Escher's prints are masterpieces of paradox. They lead the eyes to the brink of logical conclusion only to unfold another baffling dimension.

What does Escher do but bathe the viewer's eyes in graphic rhetoric? The apparent contradictions make the viewer aware that logic is not adequate to explain the absurdity portrayed. Only when the mind loosens to the seeming impossibilities can the eye begin to observe what Escher is trying to portray in his work.

Thirty-nine of the Escher woodprints, lithographs and mezzotints are now on display at the National Gallery of Art. The prints, part of the gallery-owned Rosenwald Collection, will be on display through Labor Day.

Escher's is not a single observation on a subject but a series, maybe even an entire essay on the subject. On contemplating perspective the eye rejects the entourage of possible ways of observing. Am I looking at it from above, below or on the same level? There has to be an answer, yet Escher refuses to supply one. The mind accepts an absolute quicker than it accepts a montage of views.

Only when the eye digests the perspective can we begin to appreciate the composition.

The symmetry reveals a complement of objects; fish metamorphose into birds through changes in texture and shapes to create the meshing illusion. The macabre and the unreal combine with the virtuous to add a sometimes frightening aspect to the graphics. Bat winged devils and pure white angels unite puzzle-style, causing the eye to reel at the suggestion of such harmonious unity.

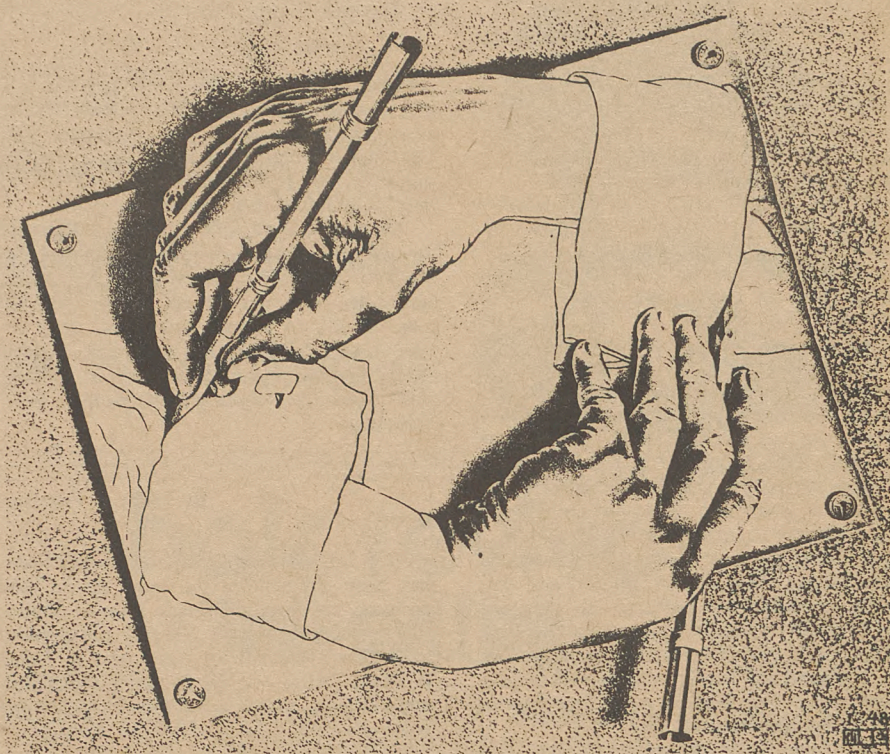
Sometimes it seems that Escher has more in common with the mathematician than he does the artist. His work appeals to the mathematical eye because of its deft precision and balance.

"Castrovalva" is one of Escher's earliest prints giving a sneak preview of real Escher potential regarding perspective. The repetition and intricacy of design is missing; that which in later graphics portrays a definite line of thought. Instead, the simplicity of his exploring and experiencing the lush mountain side is the subject matter of the work.

Escher found the environment of southern Italy particularly satisfying to portray. However, when the Dutch artist headed north to Switzerland, Belgium and Holland he found his immediate surroundings unsuitable for portraying and then began relying on inner visions as subject for his prints.

"Ascending and Descending," one of Escher's later works encompasses the rhythmic repetition that is common to many of his graphics along with the hopeless absurdity of the predicament. The stairs that lead nowhere are trodden upon by hooded figures who lack any single identity and who are locked into monotonous conformity. The only alternative to the situation is to turn-around and ascend rather than descend. However, both are equally useless but none the less ritualistic in the monotony.

Viewing Escher's work at the National Gallery — with or without a tinge of that illegal sensation — is, at the least, an interesting exercise for the mind and eye.



"DRAWING HANDS" BY M.C. ESCHER: EYES BATHED IN GRAPHIC RHETORIC.

Tape Loop

By MAGIC MARKER

The Class Three widow rolled down one corridor after another, each more gray than its predecessor, each housing a 3-D of the latest GodBeam. As the beam was broken, the God's painted lips (this month, Funky Farout Female) parted to reveal transparent teeth, "Good morning, widow Martha."

Typical of a Class Three Urn; it was actually four-thirty in the afternoon. The widow sighed, adjusting her contact points to a bench. The encapsulated voice had already started its drone inside her wrist:

It was already manifest in the 20th century that in order to provide a mass of goods for a mass of people the concept of "quality" would have to be abandoned. While this change of standard was regarded as "evil" by those inheritors of the medieval standard of craftsmanship, in time, they were diverted by advertising and the standard of. It — Destruct became prevalent. . .

Yes, yes, hummed the widow, knowing full well that agreement, no matter how sincere, would not hasten the InstructTape's lecture which had been forced her many times before. For some reason, visits to the Urn seemed to prompt many lapses of Standard on her part. Which was strange, as it was Official Happiness to visit the Urns. But deep down in her heart (beating in its polydacron shell beneath a urethane tunic) the widow Martha knew it was a burden, a burden that would only cease when she herself occupied a cubicle in the Urn, acting out her eventless life over again in blissful ignorance of the Official Happiness she would be inflicting on others.

Oh, God, sobbed the widow (unconsciously invoking her favorite beam, Suave Stranger in the Starjet Lounge) remembering there would be no others; the only visitors she would have in the Urn would be two Grievors correctly dressed as an aging pair of ClassThree children, programmed to ooze the correct amount of non-corrosive tears, 105 cc's per hour, to be precise. And, in fact, was there anything about her life that would even inspire the oily tears of the robotical Grievors?

Continuity is more inspiring than grief, reminded the InstructTape; the widow obediently disconnected and fastened her attention on Henry's blank screen. Cathode dots whirled and formed a number, sonar music filled the consciousness, and from all the cubicles, came the beat of Life Being Renewed. Poor Henry, thought the widow, smuggling deeper into the sensor bench's clinical embrace, you might as well have a Griever here. Because I can't help of thinking of anything but you.

Oblivious to his wife's remorse, Henry was reliving his 17th year, riding down a country road in an obsolete internal combustion device. The last dirt road in the United

States was paved over in 2185, recited the widow Martha, amazed at her recall. She must have been seven years old when that fact was first implanted in her mind. She could even remember the teaching machine and its graygreen screen which needed a good washing. And a parallelogram of sun, half across the machine, half across her hands. And, leapfrogging across the years, an old lady, plodding up a long, long hill. Perhaps, it was only coincidence that the same sun shone on them both, little girl and old woman. Completely incidental was the fact that the hill had been paved over two centuries before.

The past belongs to the Urn, said the InstructTape; it found a nerve and plucked: the widow bit her tongue and focused once again on the screen where Henry was still tooling down the road inside the ancient turbine car. Which, in fact, was being driven by a friend of Henry's, one Fred Phillips. Our best man, murmured the widow, interested despite herself: Fred's corrosive case of acne was just as severe at 17 as it had been at 35. Then the widow recalled reading that Fred had just begun his third year at the Urn. Beating a toy against a wall, over and over again, fourteen years away from his ride down a country road with his friend Henry.

Who was amusing himself by shooting holes in a farmer's mailbox with a lowgrade Chinese laserpistol. Farmer runs down the lane, arms impotently waving. Quaint 22nd century curses, invoking Hebraic Gods of another epoch. Throws an apple at the re-treating vehicle which trails manic laughter. Fred's round head bobbing with glee. Passing a bottle of flavored methadone. A rolling pillar of dust spews from each wheel. Clouds of long ago cross the very blue sky. Henry's ferret face contains the nucleus of his young man's face which in turn promises the gloomy solemnity of his middle-aged face which obediently threatens to metamorphose into his old man's face, withered and about as shrewd as a dried apricot. Throughout these successive metamorphoses his concave chest never changes. But beneath it, like a slowly inflating balloon, his belly grows, supported by stick legs.

It must be remembered that the built-in selfdestruction of Class-Three goods is mirrored in the crossexchange of what used to be called "nature" by the temporary bodysells of the Class-Threes themselves, thus fulfilling one of the minor laws of InterAction. . .

muttered the InstructTape, seemingly to itself. Now, Henry is urinating next to a sprawl of blackberry bushes. Fred, sensing a challenge, is trying to match the length of Henry's stream. The widow Martha closes her eyes, and the InstructTape murmured, We must honor the Forever Living with attention. A very slight Stimul, less than a millionth of a microvolt passed through the widow's system.

"No," she said aloud, opening her eyes. It did not take the Stimul very long to pass from the realms of sexual excitement to the levels of intolerable pain. And the widow

Martha's skull had grown too tender for such thrills. Henry is now eating lunch. His mother places sandwich after sandwich on the oilcloth table and Henry ingests them with the monotony of a cyborg yet his belly doesn't expand an inch. Henry's mother kills a fly with a rolled up newspaper. His father makes an entrance, sawdust in his hair. At their wedding Henry's father had kissed her with more than fatherly ardor. His hand, rough from years at the sawmill, pummeled her lower vertebrae. Curiously, neither the father nor the mother had Henry's thin, beakish face. But those were the years before gene selection. "Thank God (Wise Farmer Blessing the Crops) for gene selection" murmured the widow by rote; the InstructTape clicked and whined in her wrist.

Henry sits at the kitchen table looking directly at the screen. Very rare that, in fact, she could never remember it happening before. But then she only had to visit Henry twice a week, a reward for their plotless life together, and who knows what happened when she wasn't there. Nothing, prodded the InstructTape; "nothing," echoes the widow dutifully.

Sometimes, thought the widow, it might have been better to have been a Classless Plotter. And definitely better to have been a ClassTwo. Instead of Henry's minimal cubicle, an individual Urn, named after Henry. Instead of a screen, a fourth-dimensional simalcrum. Gods and light in the flesh, who not only smiled but caressed. Belonging which conquered evaporation. Relationships with Beautiful Beings featuring Spaced Events.

Henry is evidently speaking. Afloat on a sea of oilcloth. His mother sits fanning herself, pearls of sweat gleaming from each pore. An antique air conditioner wheezes and clatters. Summer in Kansas, thought the widow, idly wondering why she couldn't hear what Henry was saying. She couldn't remember that ever happening before either. But then she really didn't pay much attention. Face it, the Urn was a bore. Well, perhaps that's not the word. A fearsome menace. No, that's too strong. Something in between. The InstructTape sang into life. Some small squib of her thought must've leaked. The widow Martha whimpered, watching the ruby eye of the Stimul. Thank God (Franchise Salesman) attention was lax in ClassThree. Scanners were infrequent and moral guidance was left up to the InstructTapes.

Henry had stopped talking. Encloses her in his unblinking blue gaze. Strange, that has never happened before —

The Urn assures immortality: immortality for the Loved One because life is an endlessly recycling scan; immortality for the Lost Ones because the spool of the Loved One never ceases rolling on forever and forever, so that all Lost Ones become Loved Ones in time. . .

Of course, the InstructTape neglected to mention, it was her experience anyway, that the constant presence of the Loved One, rescanning his phosphor span, inch by inch, beam by beam, moment by moment, served only to cause her to relive her own life, that laser impulse that had yet to be joined in an

endless recycle. Watching the skinny Henry relive his 17th year, for example, recalled random moments of her own adolescence, moments that at one time had caused her nothing but anxiety to get on to the future, but now that they were safely stuck in the past inexplicable tears welled and she felt the anguish of irredeemable loss. Henry's eyes are strangely blue, long-lashed, well set behind the enormous prow of a nose. But there was one moment of frequent recall: the time she saw a ClassTwo step out of a highbeam transferer into the glistening cocoon of hydroplastic that was his office, his womb and tomb. His beautiful hairless features were illuminated by an uncaring radiance, he had never seen a particle of his world selfdestruct, and he gave her a glance, the first sign of love she had ever seen or was ever to see, lifted his finger in a languid ClassTwo greeting, and was gone forever, leaving a faint contrail of compassion lingering in the silvery air.

Henry's mouth is open in a scream. With the exception of his mouth, the rest of his features are at peace. His glazed eyes rest in their sockets, the lids half-closed, like two polished stones. His tongue sits placidly behind the hedge of his teeth. The widow Martha recognized a filling of platinum which in later years became the bulwark of a bridge, in turn replaced by a set of transplantments which started out as pearly buds, and within the hour, became adult teeth that never needed maintenance.

But selfdestructed, thought the widow idly noting that the extreme stillness of the scream was marred by the violent quivering of Henry's epiglottis. Then, sound had destructed. No, the Beat of Life was still twining in and out of the sonar music. Well, then, time had destructed. Henry's mother's hands, for example, fat, freckled, fretful, had at the commencement of the scream, begun to rise to her mouth, but so far, pushing the air as if it were made of lead, her hands rise slower than the eye can follow. And Henry's father still has a fork impaled in a pile of pork chops.

But that's impossible, thought the widow, time can't selfdestruct. There is only one rhythm of time at the Urn: inexorable. And no Loved One ever looks at the screen. How can he when he doesn't even know a screen exists? The tiny thought crept into her mind, that just beyond the limits of her sight there was the backside of a screen, whirling phosphor, plugged-in circuits. . .

Out of Henry's circular mouth, just past the bed of his tongue, propelled from the quivering larynx, came a tiny voice; Yes, that's Henry, thought the widow; it was only with the greatest difficulty that she could hear the words:

Help me Martha please
help me Martha help me
please Martha help please

In a not very remote Urn, past a row of minor polychrome Beams, in a cubicle that needed dusting, in front of the unceasing attention of a pair of stainless steel Grievors, a ClassThree screen began to hum, displayed a random pattern of bright diagonal lines and burst into an image of a nucleus dividing: Zygote Martha had begun her recycle, and the Beat of Life, without pausing, continued on.

JAZZ: A Big-City Deal

By JACK HRKACH

The prelude to New York City, at least along the bus route, is a slow crescendo of smokestacks and cement, signs telling me that "Gas cools, too"; hardly an adequate preparation for the clashing discord which is the light at Lincoln Tunnel's end. A few blocks further lies Port Authority, spewing buses and their maniac drivers, tourists and other racing pedestrians over sardine-packed Broadway. The Forty-First Street Hotel offers possibly the least comfort and refuge from the insanity that is Times Square, but the price was definitely right, so it was there that I dropped my bags and began the race up fifteen blocks to Carnegie Hall and my first Newport Jazz Festival.

It was everybody's first fest in New York, last summer having proved too much for Newport, R.I. A fence was torn down and with it crashed the hopes of ever again bringing freaky-wild jazz to that calm summer resort town. THE NEW YORK TIMES ran an appropriate shot of the mayor of Newport sitting alone on his beach, head in hands, presumably searching the ocean in vain for the now-sunken treasure that Jazz had — in past summers — provided the businessmen of his town. Tough, mayor — jazz is a big-city deal anyway; nobody that's ever ridden the D train to Coney Island can argue that. There on the subway, the pulse of the city, throbbing out the rhythms of Tony Williams and Max Roach, you hear and know where jazz belongs.

The festival was structured as a week (July 1 - 9) of jazz. The first six days two concerts featuring the same musicians were played at Carnegie Hall, and two at the same time were played at Philharmonic Hall of the Lincoln Center. These events were the mainstay of the festival and allowed the spectator the chance to see everything the festival had to offer. The concerts were supplemented by two midnight jam sessions at Radio City, special concerts at Carnegie Hall in the early afternoon, two relatively commercial concerts at Yankee Stadium, and seminars during the mornings at Lincoln Center, as well as other interesting events. This varied program made the week a blissful dream for a jazz-starved Washingtonian.

Big jazz has not found much of a home in Washington. We are all aware of that, and for any scattered objectors who would cry, "But he's been here," I'd gladly name ten others who haven't been and who aren't planning any pilgrimages in the near future. As a Washingtonian, I am consequently limited to buying records of the great artists, and as a poor Washingtonian, my disc collection is not much to brag about. This I approached the shrine of Newport completely jazz-struck and came away pretty much enraptured by the great-god-jazz.

For a recorded-jazz-only fan, a live concert adds a tremendous and necessary dimension that no stereo system can manufacture: the pulsating energy generated by a live group on a stage. This energy provided the criterion I used to "judge" the different performers, to sharpen the tastes I had earlier acquired in listening to recorded jazz. Even in our amplified, speaker-filled world, energy level does not necessarily equal noise level. If that were the case Bill Evans would fall near the bottom of an excellence scale and that would be sacrilege. His energy is evident even in his dreamiest, meandering passages.

The inverse is true with Chase, the noisiest group to disgrace the stage of Carnegie Hall. The "jazz-rock" group features an ex-Woody Herman trumpeter, Bill Chase. From his first top-of-the-register vagaries, the anti-musical conglomeration of five trumpets, singer, and rock group made a quick descent on their confused journey into the murky waters of bathos. The only question that comes to mind when I (seldom as possible) think about Chase is "Why were they ever invited to play?"

Chase would have surely been nominated lowest point of Newport, had not occurred the major tragedy concerning Miles Davis — who did not show. Although George Wein, the festival's director, babbled something like "All I can say is we're sorry Miles is not here, but we're very happy Freddie Hubbard is," and although the crowd responded to Hubbard's excellent group with a deserved ovation, still Miles did not show. (Remember, fellow Washingtonians, last Ides of March when Miles flew out The Cellar Door before anyone heard him.) Wein says he had a verbal agreement that Davis would play, in fact that he had sent Davis a retainer. Davis says he never got a retainer and anyway Stan Getz "doesn't play jazz and Dizzy should be ashamed and Wein is a slavedriver. In fact, everyone I talked to had some quotable quote that Miles was purported to say, and in fact a lot of things were said, but really Miles' trumpet speaks better than his or anyone else's rhetoric on the state of jazz. And his

trumpet is what we did not hear. And that's sad.

Anyway, Newport-New York was weakened because of Miles and other minor difficulties, like Ornette Coleman's "Skies Of America," a fully orchestrated cloudy failure brightened only by Ornette's solos; like Charlie Mingus' dubious string quartet with female soloist (though later his orchestra more than redeemed themselves and his solo was the highlight of the Thursday night jam at Radio City); like the latest version of The Tony Williams Lifetime in its maiden performance — a clumsy jumble that lacked unity and had only one strongpoint, Tekela, the sexiest singer-dancer ever to adorn a jazz group; and like Archie Shepp's protest session when, in keeping with the counter-festival held by New York musicians who wanted more representation, he brought in local talent which proved not very talented at all. These few disappointments, along with George Wein's clock-watching and reluctance to comply with calls of "Encore" were really not enough to thumbs-down the festival.

On the other hand, some of the heights of Newport were reached at the jam sessions; on Monday night one of the groups that suddenly blended together included Dizzy Gillespie, Stan Getz, Max Roach, Percy Heath, Milt Jackson, and Mary Lou Williams — what a line up! Later in the evening Roland Kirk headed a group that included Tony Williams and Herbie Hancock.

I had the most fun at the Evening of New Orleans Jazz, which featured Kid Thomas and his Preservation Hall Band, the Olympia Marching Band, Mississippi Blues singer Robin Pete Williams, and Bob Green doing Jelly Roll Morton's rags. It was a nostalgic look into the past, to the beginnings of jazz, as played by guys who were around at its birth.

Although it's only a few blocks from Philharmonic to Carnegie, the span musically was much greater as I settled down after the New Orleans concert to await the Mahavishnu Orchestra. This concert was undoubtedly the finest overall of the festival. As luck would, have it (and as mine usually runs) I had the worst seats possible, but Carnegie's excellent acoustics made up for any inconvenience. Cannonball Adderly began the concert, and, while the group's weakest link is the leader himself, the others have adapted nicely to the jazz world around them. George Duke on keyboards is a welcome sight anywhere; he really distinguished himself here and at the jam session later that night. I saw Duke walk into the auditorium after his set with Adderly so that he could get a good look at the next act — Oscar Peterson, solo piano. He showed his complete mastery in a style gleaned largely from Art Tatum and was in return showered with bravos and applause. Then out came Mahavishnu John McLaughlin and his boys. This is the newest, most interesting combination of the new jazz, begun almost single-handed by Miles with "In A Silent Way" and "Bitches' Brew," continued by Joe Zawinul and Weather Report, and now reaching further with Mahavishnu. While the set they played was amazing, I guess it wasn't quite as amazing as I had expected. The problem could have been technical trouble with the amplification, especially on Hammer's Fender-Rhodes, but I think more than that, some inner feeling that makes the group cook was lacking.

How different the next afternoon with Weather Report! They whizzed right through their set completely tight, coordinated and tasteful. As usual when I hear them live, my legs couldn't stop pulsating throughout their music. The excitement and energy level were never higher through the whole festival.

After Saturday night's big name show with Roberta Flack, Les McCann, Herbie Mann, Lou Rawls, and the Giants of Jazz (at Yankee Stadium awful acoustically, but beery fun) the festival was over for me. The next day was devoted to gospel music, and I wasn't ready for that. So I took a bus back down and stepped out into the D.C. drizzle. I'm now back in my apartment, listening to jazz on my records, finally getting it into my head that I was actually there and didn't just dream it (the bank statement came yesterday — that definitely enhanced the reality factor). It was wild. To paraphrase Ellington: I want you to know, I loved it — madly.



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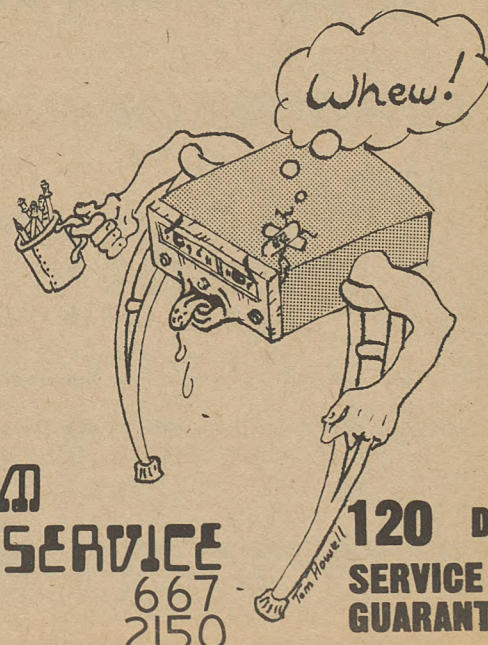
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Judy Collins
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sunday aug 20 3pm
EMERSON LAKE & PALMER
5⁵⁰ 4⁵⁰ 2⁵⁰ lawn

saturday aug 26 8pm
RICHIE HAVENS · SHA NANA
5⁵⁰ 4⁵⁰ **THE FABULOUS RHINESTONES** 2⁵⁰ lawn

sunday august 13 4pm
YES - eagles
5⁵⁰ 4⁵⁰ 2⁵⁰ lawn

sat aug 19 8pm
Bread
5⁵⁰ 4⁵⁰ 2⁵⁰ lawn

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LETTERS to the EDITOR

BILL GRAHAM *

Dear WOODWIND - Will you fold up a copy of your June 28 issue and send it to me in the enclosed envelope?? Kirk Cheyfitz' piece on Bill Graham is poetry. Who is Kirk Cheyfitz??

Your paper is fine.

Thank you,

Theo Gund

Dear Kirk:

I feel rather strange writing this note to you, since the main purpose of it is to tell you how very proud I am to be the person that you wrote about; and that you should feel very proud to have written, in my opinion, what I think is the first and only definitive piece about me and my work. Now I realize this kind of language could be construed by some to mean another ego ride by Herr Graham, but such is not the case.

I find it rather amazing, on the basis of one interview and obviously some research, that you were able to come up with such a perceptive piece on a man and his work. I re-

member very well the difficulties you had in even getting the interview set up while I was in Washington. If I remember correctly, you were sandwiched in between a couple of radio stations or something like that.

I should really stop here, for I'll begin to get autobiographical so as to prove your piece valid. But, I know that it is and I believe that you do. And for their sakes, I hope some of the readers will also. So, I thank you very much for your professional approach, your journalistic ability, but more than anything, for your honesty.

I'm really pleased.

Cheers,

Bill

Hey here's a review for your perusal, hi I don't remember anybody's name (booze destroys memory cells) but somebody must remember me from the DC Kim Fowley party, there was only one of me so that's easier... Um, yeah, well do you want THIS EXCELLENT REVIEW?

Richard Meltzer

Hot Time in the Field House

Country music lovers had been looking forward for weeks to the show at the Cole Field House on the University of Maryland campus. Without going to the Grand Old Opry or the WVVA Jamboree, the opportunity to see such a gala line-up of stars is rare: The George Jones-Tammy Wynette Show, Mel Tillis, and the Merle Haggard-Bonnie Owens Show.

Tammy Wynette opened her portion of the George Jones-Tammy Wynette Show, looking every bit the part of the Country Music Queen that she is - a gold brocade dress, gold lame knee-high boots, and her own platinum hair all glittering under the spotlight. Setting the pattern for subsequent acts, she sang about seven of her best-known hits, occasionally in medley, and she barely more than a sentence or two in between songs: "Your Good Girl's Gonna Go Bad," "D-I-V-O-R-C-E," "The Ways To Love A Man," and, of course, "Stand By Your Man," dedicated to her husband George Jones. In her songs, she displays the full range of a woman's emotions toward the man over her: tough and brash, competitive, fiercely protective and mothering, and, in the crunch, docile and totally submissive. Doing some beautiful harmonies, Patsy Sledgely assisted on some of the choruses.

George Jones, the husband of the show, followed. Although a bigger star in the past, he has neither as great a voice nor record sales as his wife. However, she defers to him constantly during her sets and calls him the "Bossman." A series of Jones' hits followed, "White Lightnin'," "The Race Is On," and Tammy was brought back to close out their show with a couple of duet numbers.

Before the Mel Tillis Show, Ray Griff, notable for a couple of songs he wrote, but mostly for his awful, pseudo-Tom Jones voice and manner came on strong and received little applause. After this reception, he sank to the level of shock tactics, doing a strip-tease down to his University of Maryland

football shorts which most people seemed to think were his undershorts.

Mel Tillis followed, supplying the first bit of legitimate humor, for the most part in good taste. He was one of the most varied performers, with slightly different instrumentation, touches of Western Swing and Bluegrass. Fiddler Jim Buchanan provided a lively "Orange Blossom Special."

Finally, the moment we'd all been waiting for, Merle Haggard, one of the most original songwriters and figures in country music today. He stood head and shoulders above everyone else; in style, in choice of material, and in appearance, so much so that everyone else almost seemed to have been provided as a foil for him. Merle Haggard is a man who has followed many paths in the past, some of them very difficult, leading to his years spent in San Quentin. For the past few years, however, he has been always at the top of the country music field. At last, here is a person on whom stardom rests easily: no frills, no flashiness, just lots of style. He came on in plain black pants and a plain, short-sleeved black velour shirt, with "Hag" embroidered simply in white near the hem. His choice of song material suits him equally well, predominantly about the genuine "freaks" in life: a blind singer with a deaf wife, "Daddy Frank"; an autobiographical ex-convict song, "The Branded Man"; two of Jimmy Rodgers' rambling songs, "Waiting For A Train," and "Hobo Bill"; a beautiful visionary song, "Every Fool Has His Rainbow"; and his tribute to the workingman's humble and disappointing existence, "Workingman Blues." His wife Bonnie Owens came out to join the Strangers (Merle's back-up band) on some harmonizing and to sing a solo. Again, she was in stark contrast to those before her, dressed very simply and, unlike George Jones, not seeming to feel ego-competition with the spouse. Merle closed the set with "Okie From Muskogee," which seemed indeed appropriate based on the uproarious audience response.

By Marian Leighton

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CALENDAR OF DELIGHTS

ESDAY, August 8

MUSIC

Meg Christain , Judge's Inn, 4934 Wisconsin Ave.
Muddy Waters & John David Souther; Cellar Door
Wayne Cochran & C.C. Riders; Stardust Inn \$3.00 cover
Temptations & Supremes; Shady Grove, \$4.25 - \$7.25
Folksingers; Brickseller; downstairs
Osmond Brothers; Balto. Civic Center
Al Greene & Freda Payne; Carter Barron Apmitheater

FILMS

The Anderson Tapes & The Red Tent; Circle Theater
The Garden of the Finzi-Continis; Outer Circle I
The Sorrow & The Pity; Outer Circle II

EVENTS

A talk with Margaret Mead on Human Sexuality; WAMU-FM; 11:30 pm
Vienna State Opera Ballet (Swan Lake) Kennedy Center Opera House
God is in the Streets Today; a musical presented by Workshop for
Careers in the Arts (WCA); 16th & Lamont Sts NW 7 pm

WEDNESDAY, August 9

MUSIC

Liz Meyer & White Lightning; Red Fox Inn, Bethesda
Donald Ryrnd; Potomac Watergate Theater (free)
Muddy Waters (see Aug. 8)
Wayne Cochran & C.C. Riders (see Aug. 9)
Temptations & Supremes (see Aug. 9)
Folksingers (see Aug. 9)
Festival of Music; Mem. Stadium, Balto. 8:30
Al Greene & Freda Payne (see Aug 8)

FILMS

Selling of the Pentagon & Interviews with My Lai vets;
Enoch Pratt Library, 400 Cathedral St. Balto. 2 pm
Anderson Tapes & Red tent (see Aug. 8)

EVENTS

Vienna State Opera Ballet (Paquita, Swan Lake) Vienna Operetta;
Kennedy Center 8:30
The Marvelous Land of Oz; Smithsonian Puppet Theater 11; 12; 1
Maryland Ballet Co. presents Ballet Under the Stars; Loyola Coll. 8:30
God Is in the Streets Today; Fort Reno Park (see Aug 8)

THURSDAY, August 10

MUSIC

James Gang; Kennedy Center 8:30
Liz Meyer (see Aug. 9)
Muddy Waters (see Aug. 8)
Wayne Cochran (see Aug. 8)
Temptations & Subremes (see Aug 8)
Folksingers (see Aug 8)
All Greene (see Aug 8)

Films

The Shop On Main Street & Closely Watched Trains; Circle

EVENTS

Scott Joplin's TREEMONISHA; Wolf Trap 8:30 \$8.00 - \$2.50
Bernadette Devlin & William F. Buckley; WAMU-FM 88.5
African Dancers & Drummers, rock bands; River terrace amphitheater
Anacostia Ave. & Benning Rd. NE (free)
Vienna State Opera Ballet (see Aug 8)
Land of Oz (see Aug 9)

FRIDAY, August 11

MUSIC

Bach at Midnight, GU Hall of Nations; \$1
Muddy Waters (see Aug. 8)
Wayne Cochran; \$4.00 cover (see Aug 8)
Temptations & Supremes (see Aug 8)
Stephen Stills; Merriweather Post Pavilion, 7:00 \$6.50-\$5.50
Folksingers; Brickseller; upstairs
Commander Cody & Lost Planet Airmen; DAR 8:00
Al Greene (see Aug 8)

FILMS

Shop on Main Street & Closely Watched Trains (see Aug; 10)

EVENTS

"If" Coffee House 1313 NY Ave. NW 9:00 - 1:00 am
Treemonisha (see Aug. 10)
Vienna State Opera Ballet; (Paguita, Romeo & Juliet) (see Aug 9)
Land of Oz (see Aug. 9)
Roller Games (see Balto. Civic Center) 8:00
God Is in the Streets Today (see Aug 9)

SATURDAY, August 12

MUSIC

Liz Meyer, White Lightning, & Beastly Times; Gelm
Liz Meyer, White Lightning, & Beastly Times; Glen Echo; 7 - 9 pm
Muddy Waters (see Aug 8)
Wayne Cochran (see Aug 8) \$4.00 cover
Al Greene (see Aug 8)
Jackson 5, U of MD, Cole Field House, 8 pm \$6.50 - \$4.50
Bluegrass & Country Music Festival; Whipple Lake, Warrenton Va;
\$5.00, camping area provided.

EVENTS

"If" Coffee House (see Aug. 11)
Treemonisha (see Aug 10)
Vienna State Opera Ballet; 2 & 8 pm (see Aug 11)
Land of Oz (see Aug 9)

SUNDAY, August 13

MUSIC

Robert S. Lord; National Shrine of the Immaculate Conception
7:00 pm, (free)
Clarinet & piano recital - Leonard Lazarus & Carl Banner; Washington
Ethical Society, 16th St. & Kalmia Rd. NW 4pm (free)
Hootenany; Cellar Door; (live on WGTB-FM 90.1)
Temptatoinis & Supremes (see Aug 8)
Yes; Merriweather Post Pavilion; 4 pm \$5.50 - \$4.50
Hootenanny; Brickseller 1523 22nd St. NW

Emmy Lou Harris, Wyoming St. Nand, & Liz Meyer P St. Beach 3 - 7 pm
Al Greene (see Aug 8)
Bluegrass & Country Music Festival (see Aug 12)

FILMS

Man & A Woman, Sundays & Cybele; Circle Theatre; 332-4470
The Garden of the Finzi Continis (see Aug. 8)
The Sorrow & the Pity (see Aug. 8)

EVENTS

Treemonisha (see Aug. 10)
Moving Work
Moving Work (a modern dance group); Georgetown Day School; Mc-
Carther & Q Streets; 8:30 PM; \$1.50
Vienna State Opera Ballet, Swan Lake; Kennedy Center Opera House;
2 & 8 PM; \$13.50-\$4.50; 254-3600

MONDAY , August 14

MUSIC

Meg Christian; Clyde's, 3236 M St. NW; 333-9690
Goose Creek Symphony; Cellar Door; 337-3389
Folksingers (see Aug. 8)
Dillards; The Stardust Inn; \$3 cover; 843-6233
Alice Cooper; Hampton Roads Colliseum; \$4-\$6 (703) 838-4203
Dionne Warwicke and Billy Preston; Carter Barron Amphitheatre;
8:30 PM, \$7
\$1.75-\$5.50; 783-2300

FILMS

Man & A Woman and Sundays & Cybele (see Aug. 13)
The Garden of the Finzi Continis (see Aug. 8)
The Sorrow and The Pity (see Aug. 8)

EVENTS

Treemonisha (see Aug. 10)
Radio Free Women; 8:30-9:30 PM (see Aug 10)
God is in the Streets Today; 12 noon; Police Headquarters, Indiana
Avenue (see Aug. 8)

TUESDAY , August 15

MUSIC

Wolf Trap A.U. Academy National Youth Orchestra; Wolf Trap;
8:30 PM; \$1; (703) 938-3800
Liz Meyer & White Lightning; L'Enfant Plaza; 12-1
Meg Christian (see Aug. 8)
Dillards (see Aug. 14)
Dionne Warwick & Billy Preston (see Aug. 14)

FILMS

The Garden of the Finzi-Continis (see Aug. 8)
The Sorrow & The Pity (see Aug.8)
Fellini's La Strada & 8½; Circle Theatre; 337-4470

EVENTS

Peggy Fleming; Shady Grove; 8:30 PM; 948-3400
God is in the Streets Today; 5th & L Streets NE (see Aug. 8)

WEDNESDAY, August 16

MUSIC

Goose Creek Symphony (see Aug. 14)
Judy Collins; Merriweather Post Pavilion; 8:30 PM; \$5.50-\$4.50
Folksingers (see Aug. 8)
Dillards (see Aug. 14)
Dionne Warwicke & Billy Preston (see Aug. 14)

FILMS

A Day in the Death of Donny B; The Upperville Show; But What if the
Dream Comes True; Enoch Pratt Free Library, 400 Cathedral St.,
Baltimore; 2 PM; 685-6700
Marjoe; Outer Circle 1; 244-3116
La Strada & 8½ (see Aug. 15)

EVENTS

Vienna Volksoper Gala Performances; Wolf Trap; 8:30 PM; \$7-\$2; matinee
at 2:30 PM; \$4-\$2; (703) 938-3800
Peggy Fleming (see Aug. 15)
God is in the Streets Today; Fort Slocum-Kansas Ave. & Madison
Streets NW (see Aug. 8)

THURSDAY, August 17

MUSIC

Liz Meyer & White Lightning (see Aug. 10)
Goose Creek Symphony (see Aug. 14)
Folksingers (see Aug. 8)
The Monumental Six (Dixie Land Jazz), M & Vernon Pl.,
Balto.; 8 PM; (301) 523-4643
Dillards (see Aug 14)
Jefferson Airplane; Baltimore Civic Center; 8 PM; 659-2601
Dionne Warwicke & Billy Preston (see Aug. 14)

FILMS

Marjoe (see Aug. 16)
Nights of Cabria (Fellini)
Circle Theatre; 337-4470

EVENYS

EVENTS

Vienna Volksoper Gala Performances (see Aug. 16)
Peggy Flemming (see Aug. 15)
Radio Free Women (see Aug. 10)
God is in the Streets Today; Brentwood Village, Rhode Island
Ave. NE (see Aug. 8)

SUNDAY, August 14

FRIDAY, August 18

MUSIC

La Boheme; Quadrangle area of Georgetown U., \$2.50; 483-1077
Goose Creek Symphony (see Aug. 14)
Gary St. Clair and Looking Glass; T'C Williams High School,
Alexandria, Va.; 8 PM; \$4-\$5 at door.
Dionne Warwicke & Billy Preston (see Aug. 24)
Bill Withers & Billy Paul Kennedy Center Concert Hall; 8:30 PM;

FILMS

Marjoe (see Aug 16)
Bergman's The Virgin Spring & Through A Glass Darkly; Circle
Theater; 337-4470

EVENTS

"If" Coffee House (see Aug. 11)
Peggy Fleming (see Aug. 15)
Roller Games (see Aug. 11)
God is in the Streets Today; Fort Slocum (see Aug. 8)

SATURDAY , August 19

MUSIC

New York Philharmonic-Piano Concerto Nal Liszt; Wolf Trap;
8:30 PM; \$8-\$2.50; (703) 938-3800
La Bohmme (see Aug. 18)
Goose Creek Symphony (see Aug. 14)
Bread; Merriweather Post Pavilion; 8 PM; \$5.50-\$4.50; 965-
Folksingers (see Aug 11)
Dillards; \$4 cover (see Aug 14)
Dionne Warwicke & Billy Preston (see Aug. 18)

FILMS

Marjoe (see Aug. 14)
Virgin Spring & Through A Glass Darkly (Aug 18)

EVENTS

"If" Coffee House (see Aug. 11)
Peggy Fleming (see Aug. 15)
Mon's Mabley & Slappy White; Kennedy Center Concert Hall;
7 & 9:30 PM; \$5.50-\$7.50; 254-3600

SUNDAY, August 20

MUSIC

Jean Langlais; National Shrine of the Immaculate Conception;
7 PM; free
National Youth Orchestra (A.U.); Wolf Trap; 3 PM; \$1 938-3800
New York Philharmonic (see Aug. 19)
Hottenanny; Cellar Door; broadcast live on WGTB-FM 90.1; 8:30
Emerson Lake & Palmer; Merriweather Post Pavilion; 3 PM;
\$5.50-\$4.50; 953-2424
Hootenanny; Brickseller; 1523 22nd Street NW; 293-1885
The Monumental Six; Druid Hill Park, Balto. (see Aug. 17)
Poco; Sylvan theater; free
Dionne Warwicke & Billy Preston (see Aug. 14)

FILMS

Marjoe (see Aug. 14)
Z & Samurai, Part I; Circle Theater; 337-4470

EVENTS

Peggy Fleming (see Aug. 15)
Mom's Mabley & Slappy White (see Aug. 19)

MONDAY, August 21

MUSIC

Meg Christian (see Aug; 14)
Folksingers (see Aug. 8)
The Monumental Six; Locust Point Recreation Center, Balti-
more (see Aug. 17)
Earl Scruggs Review; Stardust Inn; \$3.00 cover; 843-6283
Ray Charles & The Raelettes and the Chi-lites; Carter Barron
A Amphitheater; 8:30 PM \$1.75- \$5.50; 783-2300
Argent & Looking Glass; Shady Grove; 8:30 PM; \$4.50-\$6.50

FILMS

Marjoe (see Aug. 14)
Z & Samurai, Part I (see Aug. 20)

EVENTS

Alvin :Ailey American Dance Theatre presents Streams, Rainbow
'Round My Shoulder & Revelations'; Wolf Trap; 8:30 PM; \$6-\$2
Radio Free women (see Aug. 14))
God is in the Streets Today; Anacostia Museum (see Aug. 8)

TUESDAY, August 22

MUSIC

Meg Christian (see Aug. 8)
Folksingers (see Aug. 8)
The Monumental Six; North Harford Playfield, Balto. (see Aug. 7)
Earl Scruggs Review (see Aug. 21)

FILMS

Marjoe (see Aug. 14)
Gate of Hell & Roshomon; Circle Therter; 337-4470

EVENTS

Alvin Ailey American Dance Theatre presents Dance for 6, Flowers
& Mary Lou's Dance (See Aug. 21)
God . is in the Streets Today; Parkland Apts., Alabama & Stanton
Rds. SE (see Aug 8)



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